

NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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At the Theatres.



ticular," as the author expresses it, seemed to pass very agreeably with a very large audience at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening. That it was also an appreciative one was evident by the continuous laughter and applause. Charles E. Evans as the book-agent, was as limber and cheeky as could be wished for in the portrayal of such a character. William Hoey made the most of his Old Hoss, and had some of his songs and dances demanded. The priority, though, for real acting must be given to Jennie Yeamans, for she does not employ the exaggerations of a variety actress, but the spirit of true comedy. The other Meteors shot here and there with various effect, and some were complimented with demands for encores. Next week the patrons of this house are to have Siberia.

* * *

Helene Dauvray has been most unjustly, even cruelly, treated by the New York daily press. Whether the slating her efforts in *Mona* on Monday night at the Star Theatre received at the hands of the critics was due to ignorance or prejudice inspired by the possibly unwise attempt to unduly advertise her Parisian success, we do not know, but certain it is that she deserved far better treatment. Miss Dauvray proved herself to be an artiste of excellent abilities. If there was no indication of greatness in her work, absence of that may be explained on the ground that the part in which she appeared gave no opportunity for great acting. She has a bright, intellectual face, a magnetic presence, graceful carriage and a thorough knowledge of stage technique. Her voice is sweet, although not powerful, and her accent is that of a well-bred woman. So far as these qualities were possible to contribute weight and interest to the role of *Lady Mona*, they did so. In the lighter scenes Miss Dauvray was arch and winsome, and in the passages calling for emotional display her resources never failed. So far, therefore, as the lady's individual work is concerned, we feel qualified in promising her debut a decided and unquestionable success. But in the play of *Mona* we are equally certain the lady will find no profit. She has demonstrated her capacity for suitably occupying a stellar position, and we hope to see her in a character set in a play worthy of her talents.

There is no need to dwell on the piece *Mona*, which, as our readers are probably aware, is an adaptation of the novel "Mrs. Geoffreys." The book is silly and artificial.

With such material as it affords one could scarcely expect a natural play. There are four acts devoted to developing a sort of Tichborne case wherein an American girl, wife of an English nobleman, is pursued by the false claimant to her husband's title and property. The end comes about with the usual confusion of the villain, adjustment of domestic differences and happiness for all who have been virtuous. The dialogue is mawkish, the situations theatrical, and falsehoods manifest in every line. The piece is mounted with some beautiful scenery, the star wears exquisite toilet and regal jewels, and she is supported by a company of rare merit.

Frederick Bryton acts the claimant, Hall Rodney, with incisive intensity, and all he does is distinguished by *finesse*. C. P. Flockton does a clever bit of character work as a retired Major. E. H. Sothern is deserving of as high commendation as anybody in the cast. He plays a shallow but good-hearted sprit of aristocracy, and his make-up and acting are a study. We should not be surprised if the young man some day creates a role as successful as *Dundreary*, in which his father won fame and fortune. He has brains and he overflows with talent. Clarence Handysides is mushy and ineffective as Sir Geoffrey, the heroine's husband. Ida Vernon, Leonora Bradley and Ada Gilman all lend balance to the cast, albeit their efforts are spent on ungrateful parts.

* * *

Denise is drawing large audiences. Clara Morris and Joseph Haworth are nightly the recipients of a great deal of applause. The second week of *We, Us and Co.* at the Fifth Avenue brings a repetition of the crowds which attended during the first week. This successful absurdity will remain a fortnight longer. This evening Mr. Wallack will revive Old Heads and Young Hearts at his theatre, and John Gilbert will reappear. On Monday Colonel McCaull will begin the supplementary musical season at this house with the first representation in English of Millocker's *Black Hussar*. This is the last week of *Fantasma* at Niblo's Garden. On Monday night General Grant's birthday was celebrated here by the introduction of a tableau representing the war hero at Appomattox. Next week, Monte Cristo. On Wednesday of next week the 250th performance of *Adonis* at the Bijou will take place. *Cordelia's Aspirations* is drawing well at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. It will continue there until the close of Harrigan and Hart's season. *Dakotas* is still kept on the boards at the Lyceum. Its merits have been verified by increased attendance. The last performance of *Twins* will be given on Saturday night at the Standard Theatre. The comedy has been a total failure here as elsewhere. *Sealed Instructions* is literally crowding the Madison Square Theatre at every performance. The success of its run is now beyond doubt. *Dan'l Sully's* domestic farce comedy, *The Corner Grocery*, is delighting the crowded gatherings at Tony Pastor's The-

atre. *Two Hours and a half of nothing* in par-

house. The lance-drill and other military movements "took" amazingly. Lillian Russell was received with little warmth. Her voice has become worn out. Her figure is better adapted to *Lady Jane* than aught else we can call to mind. J. H. Ryley, as Major-General Bangs, was amusing. The women in small parts, wearing handsome and showy costumes, were very cordially received. The scenery was capital. Polly will run altogether seven weeks—when *Nanon* will be ready. Mr. Rice expects to introduce some new choruses and other features next week.

London Gossip.

LONDON, April 18.

The return of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry to their home and theatre is an event in the theatrical world. The *London Times* regards it as of sufficient importance to devote over a column of editorial leader-writing to it, which is also the case with the *Daily Telegraph*.

When the two dailies recognized as the most scholarly in England strive to pay honor to great artists, it is proper for others to mention the fact and participate in the pleasure of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry's homecoming. That these two artists are among the greatest of this or other countries is not to be doubted for an instant. Bouquets and welcomes will make Mr. Irving's time very much occupied for some weeks to come. Mr. Ledger, of the *Era*, starts the round of Irving entertainments by giving (aided by Mrs. Ledger) a musical "At Home" to the tragedian on Sunday (to-morrow) evening, to which have been invited some of the brightest literary lights of London.

But agreeable as these receptions must be to the recipient of them, the general public, after all, are more concerned about Mr. Irving's reappearance at the Lyceum Theatre in a round of his old successes before presenting *Olivia* to the London public. No theatre-goers are more interested in the reappearance of their favorite artists than the Play-goers' Club, who propose occupying the entire first row of the pit on Mr. Irving's re-entrance at the Lyceum.

The Club has critical judgment as well as literary ability in its ranks. As an instance of the latter may be mentioned the name of Jerome K. Jerome, a very prominent member. He has just published one of the most readable, amusing books of the season. It is entitled "On the Stage and Off: The Brief Career of a Would-be Actor." It is a droll recital of experiences in provincial companies and barn-storming, to which all actors are more or less subject. It opens thus: "There comes a time in everyone's life when he feels he was born to be an actor. Something within him tells him that he is the coming man and that one day he will electrify the world. Then he burns with a desire to show them how the thing's done and to draw a salary of three hundred a week—and when he finds that there are obstacles in the way of his immediate appearance at a leading West End theatre he is blighted." At last, however, after many failures, and sundry "tips" to agents, the desire is accomplished and the aspirant becomes an actor. His description of the first rehearsal, the head carpenter and property man, etc., are extravagantly funny. As hit at the actual scarcity of existence of the traditional "green-room," he says of his first theatre: "There was no green-room. There never had been green-room. I never saw a green-room, except in a play, though I was always on the lookout for it. I met an old actor once who had actually been in one, and used to get him to come and tell me all about it. But even his recollections were tinged with a certain vagueness. He was not quite sure whether it had been at Liverpool or at Newcastle, that he had come across it and at other times he thought it must have been at Exeter. But wherever it was, the theatre had been burnt down a good many years ago—about that he was positive." Of salaries he says: "Henry Irving, speaking somewhere of his early days, mentions his weekly salary. I think, as having been twenty-five shillings (\$6.25), and no doubt at the time he thought that very good and can most likely remember when he got less." Of the way actors address each other Mr. Jerome whimsically ruminates as follows: "Every actor is 'my boy,' every actress is 'my dear.' At first I was rather offended at being addressed 'my boy,' but when I heard grey-headed stars and respectable married leads addressed in the same familiar and unceremonious manner, my dignity recovered itself." The dresses and make-shifts thereto, the theatrical caravan-like travelling basket, the lodgings and ladiesties, are touched upon in witty fashion. Then there occurs a pathetic bit worthy the pen of Dickens. It is about "Mad Mat," a poor, harmless lunatic of a super, who had once aspired to play Romeo, but his "opportunity" never came. At last the struggle ended for money and fame, and his poor life went out. The author says: "People who have lived for any length of time on six shillings a week don't take long to die when they set about it, and two days after I last saw him 'Mad Mat's' 'opportunity' came, and he took it." About ladies' dresses, the author asks: "Why do actresses have so many dresses? The dress that Miss Eastlake wore in *The Silver King* would, I am sure, do all right for Ophelia, and what difference is there between Queen Elizabeth and Mrs. Bouncer? None whatever, except about the collar and the sleeves, and anybody can alter a pair of sleeves and make a ruff."

There is some coherency about this description which is more than can be said of the libretto itself. Mr. Mortimer has tried to imitate Mr. Gilbert, of course with lamentably imperfect results, for his versification is faulty and his attempts at wit are funereal. The words of the songs are bald parodies of the principal lyrics of *The Pirates* and other Gilbertian achievements. The work, however,

was received in a friendly manner by the audience, which filled every available part of the

deceitful ones, and I prefer to remember the former. Plenty of honest, kindly hands grasped mine, and such are the hands I like to grip again in thought. Where the owners of those kindly hands and faces may be now I do not know. Years have passed since I last saw them, and the sea of life has drifted us farther and farther apart; but whereveron that sea they may be battling, I call to them from here a friendly greeting. Hoping that my voice may reach across the waves that roll between us, I shout to them and their profession a hearty and sincere "God-speed." I trust THE MIRROR readers will pardon this long notice of a book which is the talk of the hour in those "green rooms" the author regards as often a myth. An American republication of this shilling book is urged to Mr. Jerome on all sides, for within its pages are many shillings' worth of genuine merriment to those who know the stage life practically as well as to those who only know it by hearsay.

Another book, written in Italian, soon to be translated, is by Madame White Mario, the widow of Signor Alberto Mario, and is a memoir of the late Joseph Mazzini. Musical works are very anxious to obtain the English version.

Apropos of music, we are having a veritable feast in English opera at Drury Lane. This week was marked by the production of a new opera by Goring Thomas, whose *Esmeralda* set the world agog a few months since. Mr. Thomas is a young man of three-and-thirty, yet he has composed an opera worthy of Meyerbeer or Verdi, of that school, yet not in any sense suggesting the faintest plagiarism. It is grand opera in every essential. The words of the libretto by Julian Sturgis are worthy of the music.

The theme is Russian. The Russia of 1760, of Queen Catherine's iron rule and of serfdom. The plot suggests the drama of *The Danicheffs*, so it can easily be fancied how full of romance and poetry and folklore and national anthems it is.

One verse of Nadesha's sweetest ballad runs as follows:

Ab, it is good to be alone, my heart—
Far from my life of little cares—alone,
Alone with dreams! Alone! O heart of mine
How thou could' love, if thy sweet dream were true!

On the approach of Valdemar, the lover, and Nadesha, his freed servant, to the chapel to be married he softly sings it, recitative, "And now, dear love, the great glad hour is here."

The house on this initial production was crowded to its utmost capacity, Royalty being represented by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and the Marquis of Lorne. The author was called and acclaimed, even the orchestra joining in the enthusiastic ovation. Mme. Alwina Valleria scored a great triumph, as did Josephine Yorke, Barton McGucken, Leslie Croth and W. H. Burdon. The ballet of peasant girls in Russian costume was a most picturesque novelty, and the season of year, the almost tropical time of midsummer in this land of Winter, ice and snow, was most beautifully elaborated in scenic effects. The opera is one of the few musical creations of the Nineteenth century.

Speaking of music, one of Carl Rosa's violinists remarked lately, in reference to the London Promenade Concerts, that the recognition accorded each of the national airs is as follows: "Turkish, loud cheering. German, divided. French (the 'Marseillaise'), cheering. Italian, cheering. Chinese, cheers and laughter. Russian, hisses and uproar. Soudanese, some cheering. British, great enthusiasm. When," he continued, "the National Anthem is cheered most and the 'Marseillaise' next, the political confusion of the audience is in a most chaotic state."

The "Star Spangled Banner," among others, will have a chance to demonstrate its enthusiasm of reception at an American concert in London to be given by a number of American ladies in aid of the wounded soldiers in the Soudan under the direction of the Princess of Wales at St. James' Hall, Tuesday morning at half-past nine, June 9. The Prince, Princess and others of the Royal family are intending to be there. All the performers, both artist and amateur, are to be Americans. Honorable J. R. Lowell is greatly interested in the proposed concert.

Among the lady patrons are Madame Waddington, Viscountess Mandeville, Lady Playfair, Mrs. Ronalds, and first, but not least, that most beautiful American lady, either in London or the world, the former belle of New York, Miss Jerome, known now as Lady Randolph Churchill.

A. W.

Combining for Protection.

On Saturday last a number of American playwrights and play owners, including Messrs. A. M. Palmer, Dion Boucicault, Bartley Campbell, M. H. Mallory, George Fawcett Rowe and T. Henry French, met at the Madison Square Theatre for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements for the forming of a society to protect the writers and owners of plays from the unscrupulous pirates and small theatre managers who make a business of living on the brainwork of others.

Ever since THE MIRROR by its determined warfare against these gentrified, in which, it will be remembered, an organized body of them were forced to leave this city through its being made too hot for them, the different authors whose successful works are being boldly performed in out-of-the-way country towns by irresponsible managers backed up by rascally adventurers, have been endeavoring to get at some plan by which the evil could be remedied, if not totally suppressed. It was finally determined that an organization be effected in those most immediately concerned in the matter, and through which means could be taken to stop the infamous piracy in a manner that without organization could never be accomplished.

At last Saturday's meeting the gentlemen present discussed the subject in all its different bearings, and a committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Rowe, Campbell and French, was appointed to see different American authors until the number of twelve had been secured, as it was not thought advisable to start the organization with a smaller contingent of members.

"I hardly care to talk much of the preliminary meeting of last Saturday," said T. Henry French, when approached by a MIRROR reporter the other day, "but when we have our next meeting, which will probably be within a week or two, there may be something to tell the papers. This organization has been in contemplation for some time, and that it will accomplish its object when once in working shape, I have not the slightest doubt."

"It will not be long before we have our twelve members, and then the pirates had better take heed, for it will go hard with them. Some good work has been done by us already. Mr. Boucicault, for whose return to the city we waited before calling the meeting, has just stopped young Forepaugh, who keeps a museum in Philadelphia, from performing *Led Astray* at his place, and I have within a week or two compelled an actor to take *The Banker's Daughter* out of his repertoire. I don't care very well. I don't know exactly what plan will be adopted for suppressing these pirates, but I believe that Mr. Boucicault has a scheme written out which he may read to us before he leaves for Australia. When authors and play owners once get working together for the common good they are bound to sweep everything before them."

Harrigan and Hart's Plans.

The general impression that Harrigan and Hart regretted their move to the Fourteenth Street Theatre was verified yesterday by a conversation which a MIRROR reporter had with the former at his home on Perry street.

"I am very glad," said he, "that our temporary occupation is nearly ended. The place would never suit us as a permanent home. The Major, which was one of the greatest successes we ever had, fell flat upon revival, and all our efforts to make anything go proved fruitless. Somebody else may be able to catch on there, however, and I hope they will. Our matinees, which drew crowded houses on Broadway, were very small at Mr. Colville's house."

"Have you a theatre in view?"

"As yet—no. When we do settle we will stake everything on the result. Upon leaving New York we will play several suburban places and a few leading cities. I think we may do good business on the road."

"Then you cannot tell whether or not you will open a regular season in the Fall?"

"We are sure to open somewhere in the city, but as yet we are in the dark as to the place. I am working away upon a new play on which I place great hopes. I have revised *Are You Insured?* for Mr. Hanley, strengthening several of the parts."

The company will close the regular season on May 18. The reporter learned from several sources that capitalists had offered Harrigan and Hart land and capital to build a theatre, among them being a manager under whom they formerly played.

Amateur Notes.

Ada Lobdell Melvin, who made her debut as *Hebe* in *Pinafore*, will continue on the professional stage.

Mrs. Edward Morris announces her intention to tread the boards next season.

Mrs. Stuart Pond is the latest aspirant for dramatic honors.

Lady Monckton, who has figured prominently in England with Mrs. Langtry in amateur theatricals, has joined a company playing in London.

Elsie Gerome will travel in *Lotta's* support in the Fall.

The Amateur League does not perform as frequently as of old. *The Minerva* closed its season with *The Rivals*.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has become conspicuous. Her name heads the cast of a play nearly every week.

W. A. Clarke has added much to the success of the *Amaranth* performances this season. He has been seen with success in the leading parts of *Old Heads* and *Young Hearts*, *The Passing Regiment*, *West End*, *The Wedding March*, *Heir-at-Law*, etc., and has shown talents of a high order in many of his characterizations.

Eliza P. Otis should be established as the leading lady of some prominent Association. The lady is clever.

The Kemble this season brought out *The Poor Gentlemen*, *Cricket on the Hearth*, *Green Bushes*, *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, *Man and Wife*, *Leah the Forsaken* and *The Rivals*. The Gilbert has been seen in *False Shame*, *Esmeralda*, *Young Mrs. Wihrop*, etc., and the *Amaranth* in *The Passing Regiment*, *Saratoga*, *The Guv'nor* and other plays. There is a strong rivalry between these associations for supremacy.

Julius Caesar, which was to have been performed at the Academy on Tuesday in aid of the *Bartholdi* Fund, has been indefinitely postponed. It was found impossible to properly cast the tragedy.

The *Treacherous Guest* was produced at the Brooklyn Park Theatre on Tuesday afternoon by the Gilbert. R. C. Hilliard assumed the principal role.

Members of the *Amaranth* appeared in *The Squire's Last Shilling* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last evening. It was the farewell entertainment of the season.

Eleanor Trafford writes from Detroit to say that for the last four months she has been connected with the Monte Cristo company. She has severed her connection with that organization to join forces with a stock company in San Francisco.

R. C. Hilliard received more praise for his enactment of the hero of *False Shame* than in any character which he has ever essayed. Mr. Hilliard has been re-elected President of the Gilbert. A wise selection.

Dr. Walters was in charge of the Julius Caesar entertainment, but found it a difficult task to fulfil properly.

Mrs. E. J. Grant will no longer take part in the Amateur Opera Association productions.

Many friends of Hattie Neffin were present on the first night at the Standard to witness her creation in *Twins*.

The Greenwood Literary Society, on Wednesday evening last, at Turn Hall, gave *The Two Orphans* in a passably good style, and the vast audience gave frequent evidence of its approval. The performance was for the benefit of the Parole Club. William Hawkins as the Chevalier De Vaudrey was somewhat disappointing. He rants too much. The De Linieres of P. H. Cosgrove was a fair bit of work. A. J. Tybring's *Picard* was overdrawn. Theodore Smith was an excellent Pierre Frochard. The Jacques of M. L. Shillak was very good. The Louise of Amy Lee and the Henriette of Ada Forrester were fairly done. As La Frochard Louise Forrester was very good in some scenes. Edith Lyle portrayed the dual role of the Countess De Linieres and Marianne acceptably.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Giddy Gusher.



More than pictures or letters, old songs and unfamiliar smells can bring back past scenes and forgotten events. About this time it should strike all women and most men that letters are very bad property—to build on or to hold. A woman should keep no letters save those of her mother; they are the only ones that repay to re-read. They generally contain pennyroyal opinions and sage advice, with all the herby wisdom of an old lady in the country. But through mothers' letters runs that unbreakable golden thread of love that glides life from our cradle to her grave; the glittering, untarnished thread that the shadows of evil and the tears of trouble cannot dim. Always keep your mothers' letters, girls; but, for heaven's sake, destroy those you get from your young man. And, if you have a grain of common sense, don't write what are called love-letters. It's very natural to do so; a woman feels, so often in her life, like sitting down and pouring out a bucketful of loving words on the Ichabod of the occasion.

Stop, Maria, with your pen in the ink-bottle, with all the imprisoned sweetness beating at your finger-ends for release upon paper, and ask yourself these questions:

"How would I like to see this letter printed five years from date?"

"How would I like to have the woman of the future find this letter in Mr. F.—'s private papers when, in rotation of office, I go out and she goes in?"

"How would I like to have this letter turn up in my life, in any sort of way, five years from date?"

Just go and write those questions on a card and paste it up in your desk, Maria. I bet you'll write no love-letters, but die with all your music in you, like a Saddlerock oyster.

Look at this idiotic Mrs. Whiting up in Bridgeport—a fine-looking, educated woman, with a good position and a comfortable home. She writes a lot of compromising letters to a wretched snip of a counter-jumper, who keeps them for years, and when her husband has a row with her, skips in and sells those letters to Mr. Husband for so much a dozen, as if they were fried Connecticut doughnuts.

There's evidence coming up every blessed day of the awful effects of writing letters. If you can get hold of your epistles after they have done their little work and survived their usefulness, why—write away.

It's only by experience a woman finds out that she "hadn't ought to," and the Gusher has taken her medicine you may be sure. But she has had the antidote for the poison, and derived great satisfaction from a holocaust of her own letters when she administered the estate of the party to whom they were addressed; and she has learned by sad experience the folly of keeping a lot of letters (written at white-heat) to sit down and re-read by a hearth on which the fire has gone out. Still, she has mustered philosophy enough to laugh at the cussed changefulness of the changeable cusses who address you as the "angel of their soul" one week and "do not speak as they pass by" the next.

No, Maria; keep your mother's letters and destroy everyone else's. That saves you a lot of unpleasant recollections.

But, as I started in to say, even more than old letters will a song or a smell bring back the past. The odor of absinthe, you would say, might revive some recollection of Paris and its cafés. No, it always brings up an old-fashioned country church, with a nasal parson and red-cushioned pews and long Summer-day services, when fennel, aniseed and caraway were fed to my infant stomach to keep it in abeyance through weary sermons.

I was turning over the leaves of a music-book last night, and it was a perfect panorama of the past. With a rippling accompaniment on the score beneath, I read the pretty words of Tennyson's "Brook," and I see a slender little woman at the piano singing it very sweetly to a big, fat, white-meated man, who always reminded me in appearance of Count Fosco. I saw that slender girl the other night, whom I remember singing that song to George Butler, and she is as round and rosy as a Fall pippin. It was Effie Germon.

"She'll be the Ocean!" Dear dead Lucille Western, with her hair done up in a big hair-doughnut on her forehead. I can see her with her guitar, tooting away at her favorite songs in the early days, when she and Helen, the beautiful sister, were the idols of the dudes. "I'm lonely to-night in my sad little chamb-

ber," sang Lucille, and "If he would come once more." Unfortunately for Lucille, he did come, and he had much the best of it.

"Happy, happy be thy dreams." Sher Campbell, with his splendid baritone voice, used to sing that as "Woppy, woppy, woppy be thy dreams."

"Bonnie Annie Laurie." That takes me way back. I am lying in a trundle-bed, and through an open window that song, sung by a coarse but tuneful female voice, comes to me night after night. I went every morning to see the songstress. She was dressed in Scotch costume, and was called the Highland Maid. She was one of the earliest walkists, and was doing a hundred miles in a hundred hours, or something like that. She had hired a hall near my home, and on a platform was doing her great feat with a pair of great feet that she dipped in pails of water each time she turned in her walk. During the last days—poor old Highland Maid, she knew but one song, "Annie Laurie!"—and she sang that to her visitors continuously from eight to ten every night. So that tune and that walking-match girl are identical with me.

Here's a batch of real old-timers: "Belle Brandon," "Bonnie Eloise" and "Napolitaine." Don't you remember a big, fat man named Abecco, who used to play the harp splendidly and sing "Napolitaine"? There's no denying it, the tune-builders of to-day are reflexes of the past. We have no new airs as tuneful and delightful as the old ones. I was roaming 'round some horse-farms, the other day, and if I am not greatly mistaken, I saw in an old fellow one of the favorite tenors of old times—Jack Herman. He used to sing through his nose, to be sure, in preference to his throat, but he had a nice repertoire of songs, and "Bonnie Eloise" was one of them.

There was another nasal tenor, but a very popular one—poor, dear Tom Prendergast, who was for years with the Bryants.

I don't believe that till the end of time there will be such another troupe as those same Bryants used to be—especially when they got up to Twenty-third street and had that wonderful trio of comedians, Dan Bryant, Nelse Seymour and Unsworth, the cleverest men in their line of business we have ever had in New York.

I was reminded of poor Jerry Bryant the other night, and his song of "Sweet Evalina," by a rattling friend of mine, who is a beautiful singer. But he has no idea of the words of a song, especially if it be sentimental. He plays his own accompaniments, and whenever he is dubious about the lines he pounds out some resonant chords to cover up his deficiencies and furnishes his hearers with some remarkable verses. He was singing some very touching song on that perennial subject, Mother, and the refrain ran something like, "Keep her and caress her, By no harsh word distress her; You'll never miss your mother Till she is lowly laid."

To my surprise, he sang, with several sheltering crashes—"Then kiss her and caress her, Be sure you don't undress her; You'll never miss your mother Till the well runs dry."

And here is the noted funeral melody, "Angels ever bright and fair." I honestly believe I have told you the story before, but it's so wonderful an incident it will bear repeating, and I associate that afternoon and that composition together as naturally as I do the sun and moon.

It was a dark Winter's day, years ago, when Parap-Rosa, most magnificent of singers and noblest of women, climbed round in a coupe from the Belvedere House to spend the afternoon with the Gusher. What with sleet and snow and frozen rain, it was an awful day. No one could carry an umbrella or protect themselves from the pelting, icy storm that beat in from all parts of the compass.

Parepa wore about her precious throat white tippets of boa-constrictor length. She had hardly unwound herself and settled down for a snug chat when a messenger arrived from a home into which Death had entered.

For many months a poor seamstress had labored for several of my friends early and late to procure food and medicine for an unfortunate dying daughter. One of her expressed wishes had been that her few friends might attend the funeral, and I had promised positively to be there.

"There's no help for it, my dear," said I; "make yourself easy and content; I will not be away more than an hour. The poor thing is to be buried to-day; I must go."

"I shall go with you," said Parepa, beginning to tie up her throat. So together we set off for the abode of poverty and sorrow.

I have no words to depict the emptiness and wretchedness of that place. All that had made it home for a poor, toiling mother lay with upturned, wasted face in a dreadful stained-pine coffin. It was a twenty-five-dollar funeral; and if there is anything worse than death, it seems to me it's a twenty-five-dollar funeral. The undertakers advertise them as inducements to die; but if any one contemplating the great change will take a hark at that black alpaca hearse, red-pine coffin, with scalloped paper muslin lining, with two night-hawk derricks and a parson, longing by every outward sign and inward token, to Jake Hess' poorhouse on the Island,

they will hang on to this wicked world and take no stock in another that has to be reached by such horrible means.

Well, this sorrow stricken mother, when we got there, was paying a man with a ghastly screw-driver in his hand the twenty-five dollars in small change—money that had been earned by months of toil. Parepa uncoiled herself and sat down amid a few humble friends of the poor mother, and we waited further developments.

The undertaker's bill was settled at last, and the poorhouse parson got in his fine work. I never listened to so empty a service. It fairly rattled all the horrors of the grave. Its stifling darkness, its eternal loneliness and desolation, its earthly companionship of detestable creeping things came over us as we listened to the heartless ceremony incidental to a twenty-five-dollar funeral.

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Some way, when it was over, and the parson picked up his rusty hat and cotton umbrella, and the undertaker resumed his screw-driver, there came over us all a sense of misery and the unsatisfaction of living as well as dying. I know I never had so little heart as when I glanced at the big, splendid creature who had shared my pilgrimage to the shrine of suffering and squalor. She was slowly drawing off the thick gloves she wore. She held the snuffy undertaker with compelling eyes as she advanced, and he fell back from the coffin. She laid her large white hand, like a materialized prayer, on the yellow forehead of the dead girl. She raised her eyes, full of loving human kindness, to heaven, and that wondrous voice sang out, as never it did before, "Angels ever bright and fair, Take, oh, take her to your care."

There were hundreds beneath that crowded tenement roof. In an instant the stairs and halls were crowded with that song-loving people, the Germans, and the pearly gates swung wide for a soul ushered past them by a service of devotional melody worthy an empress.

Ah, my beautiful darling, with the voice of an angel, for many, many years you have swelled the chorus in which the stars are supposed to sing; and you know now that act of yours stirred the pulses of the saints. But I felt then, as I fell upon her neck, like one who falls upon those altar stairs that lead through darkness up to God."

She made light of the impulse and her noble act, but it did much to make a good Christian out of you.

GIDDY GUSHER.

Richard Mansfield is gone to England.

Janish will sail for Europe in a few days.

D. G. Longworth will leave for England in about a week.

M. W. Hanley has engaged W. S. Daboll for his company.

John Murphy has returned to his brother Joseph's company.

Frank Oakes Rose returned from the West Indies on Saturday.

Eleanor Traford is travelling with the Wilbur Opera company.

Minnie Maddern's season will close at St. Joseph, Mo., on May 2.

William Stafford and Evelyn Foster closed season in Oshkosh, Wis., on Saturday.

Colonel Sinn will produce *Alone* in London at his Brooklyn Theatre on May 4.

John D. Townsend is prosecuting his suit against Lillian Russell for \$5000 counsel fee.

On Saturday M. J. Gallagher left for Philadelphia to join M. B. Curtis' company.

Signo Imano has been engaged by S. W. Fort for the Summer Opera season at Washington.

The Black Hussar will be brought out on Friday night by Manager Amberg at the Thalia Theatre.

Augustus Bruno has been engaged by M. W. Hanley. Next season he goes with We, Us & Co.

Edward Seabrooke will play *Hobbies* next season, having arranged for it with N. C. Goodwin.

On Saturday Clara Morris will give a matinee—the only one during the New York engagement.

Boucicault is trying to book eight weeks in New York for next season, but finds difficulty in doing so.

On Saturday Manager Durant devoted the proceeds of two performances to the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund.

Sidney Fenwick, a young English actor, has been engaged by Lester Wallack to replace J. C. Buckstone.

C. B. Cline, late of *Bride and Frear's* Bunch of Keys, is now on the out-of-town staff of the Boston Theatre.

Walter Reynolds has been engaged for the Wallack company's tour. He replaced Herbert Kelcey in *Diplomacy*.

Thomas Gossman, the engineer of the Lyceum Theatre, has been presented with a gold watch by his fellow-employees.

Edward McArdle left for Chicago on Monday night ahead of Maude Granger's company. She will play *The Creole*.

W. F. Falk is booking time for the Summer and next season. He intends taking a company on the road with two new operas.

On Saturday, owing to illness, Belle Stokes did not appear with We, Us & Co. Her part was filled by Lelia Blow, late of the Bijou.

If the trustees of the Gilsey estate do not succeed in finding a tenant shortly they will convert the Comedy Theatre into offices and stores.

Belle Archer, Herbert Archer, Alfred Fisher, Walter Reynolds and Maggie Hallaway have been engaged by Colonel Sinn for *Alone* in London next season. Cora Tanner will be starred.

Fred. Ward is playing in San Francisco this week.

Dowling's *Nobody's Claim* company closes on May 2.

W. H. Fitzgerald has joined M. W. Hanley's company.

Oliver Doud Byron ends his season in Boston on May 16.

A. Z. Chipman has submitted his drama, *Ship*, to Ida Mule.

Jeff D'Angelis has been engaged by Dan Sully for all Summer.

The rehearsals for *Nanon* begin on Monday next at the Casino.

The Boston Theatre is to let for the months of June and July.

Eugenia Maynard has been engaged to appear in *Polly* and *Nanon*.

The Abbott Opera company closed season in Philadelphia on Saturday.

Oliver L. Jenkins, late with Roland Reed, has reached the city from Chicago.

Ristori's engagement in San Francisco was a financial squeeze to her managers.

Vernona Jarreau is taking lessons in dancing preparatory to her starring tour.

Advance sales for Augustin Daly's season in San Francisco are already considerable.

Charles D. Herman, leading business, is in liberty for the Summer and next season.

Next month Roland Reed will give his new play, *Humbug*, a metropolitan airing.

Cyril Searle has arrived in town. Rose Eyinge closed season in Michigan last week.

Sculptor Sheehan's plaques of Dan Sully are to be seen at nearly every corner in the city.

Mark Price is the latest addition to dramatic authorship. He is writing an American play.

Sadie Coutelyou, late of We, Us & Co. and Pop, will join the Adonis company next week.

W. H. Oakwood has been engaged by Manager Vaughn for Maude Granger's company.

Augustin Daly has purchased A. W. Pinero's new farce, *The Magistrate*, for America.

E. T. Harvey has succeeded D. B. Hughes as scenic artist at Heuck's New Opera House, Cincinnati.

The circus season bids fair to be rather lively in the matter of trenching upon debatable ground.

Mrs. Charles Benton is the successful bidder for the lease of the Fort Worth (Tex.) Opera House.

Last week W. T. Carleton received a cablegram from London announcing the death of his father.

S. G. Ely, heavies and juveniles, is at liberty for next season. He is at his home in Philadelphia.

Blanche Seymour will be at liberty after May 30, when Flora Moore's *Bunch of Keys* season closes.

It has been settled that H. E. Watcham will manage Faurot's Opera House, at Lima, O., next season.

A grand opening of the Casino roof-garden will take place on Sunday next, if the weather permits.

W. H. Lytell will play a Summer season in Montreal. W. S. Harkins and W. H. Morris have joined him.

Henry Belmer's company is in financial straits. It is in interior New York and based by several executions.

James M. Hardie and Mortimer Murdoch, the author, are rehearsing the latter's play, *A Brave Woman*.

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Alfred Bouvier, formerly on the Madison Square business staff, and late with the Ranks, has returned to journalism.

Hyde and Behman are gradually getting out of

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

GEORGIA.

AMERICUS.

Opera House (Glover and Perry, managers): The People's Theatre co. have occupied the boards all last week. The first night the audience was moderate, but crowded houses were night afterward. The co. a under the management of W. M. Paul, and is very fair. Mr. and Mrs. Paul being excellent in stage work. A word of praise is due Maggie Morgan, who is a good actress and good singer. She is a beautiful blonde. Rock-bottom prices.

SAVANNAH.

Savannah Theatre (F. T. Johnson, manager): Professor Bolton's Art entertainment, soth to 24th, to poor business. Nothing but local attractions until May 4th, when the Milan Grand Opera co. appear, followed 15th by John Jacob Astor's. Anna Farnsworth, a week at popular prices. The season practically closes the season.

MACON.

Wright's Opera House (J. W. Patterson, manager): Dickson's Sketch Club appeared before a very light house 2nd; but the performance was excellent—Editha's Burglar and Combustion.

ILLINOIS.

PEORIA.

Opera House (Lem H. Wiley, manager): Week of soth, the Maude Atkinson co. presented a series of amateur plays, such as *Fanchon, Fate, The French Spy, Queen's Evidence, Lady of Lyons, and others*. The audiences increased as the week wore on. On an average the business was very good. The prices were fifteen, twenty-five and thirty-five cents. The plays were put on in good shape and were well acted. Maude Atkinson is an actress of great merit and support was good for the theatre. The Thomson concerts are first night: The Tannhauser March with grand chorus and orchestra; Rubinstein's Hal Costume, opus 103, will close the "Young People's Popular" on Wednesday afternoon. "The Halleschul Chorus" from The Messiah, will form the grand finale of the third and last performance. Season tickets will be five dollars; general admission, one dollar.

FIREPORT.

Opera House (M. H. Wilcoxson, manager): Abbey's U. T. C. came 18th, playing a matinee and evening performance to good business. Item: Charles Lewis, of Harry Webber's co., is visiting his parents here.

ROCKFORD.

Opera House (C. C. Jones, manager): Kate Clayton, supported by Charles A. Stevenson and a fair co. in The Sea of Ice, soth. Aineen, in *Mam'selle*, to a fair house, 2nd. Aineen is very clever and is supported by a fair co. The distribution of characters in the audience made a decided hit. Arion Bell-Ringers, May 4th; week. W. J. Scanlan, 14th.

AURORA.

Coulter Opera House (R. W. Corbett, manager): Aimee appeared with her English-speaking comedy. Maude Atkinson starred, and gave good satisfaction to the large audience. The Lisenman concert co. 2nd, to fair house. Finest entertainment of the kind that ever visited us.

GALESBURG.

Opera House (F. B. Kirch, manager): The Bernhard-Lisenman Concert co. had a full house 2nd, giving good satisfaction.

Item: Manager Kirch proposes giving a short supplementary season. The regular season has closed.

JACKSONVILLE.

Strawn's Opera House (Frank C. Taylor, manager): Henry Chanfrau, 2nd, in *The Arkansas Traveller*, to rather small audience. He gave a remarkable imitation of the elder Chanfrau in the well-known role. The support is good. The Judge and Major were loudly applauded. J. K. Emmet, 20th, to a very large house.

Arena: Buffalo Bill's Wild West will give an exhibition on the Fair-grounds May 6.

BLOOMINGTON.

Durley Theatre (Tilton and Fell, managers): The Hyers Sisters, 20th, 21st and 22d—low-price entertainment to good business. Henry Chanfrau, as Kit, the Arkansas Traveller, 23d and 24th, to crowded houses. Mr. Chanfrau and co. made themselves favorites.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Dickson's Grand opened the week with *The Galley Slave* to fair audience. The co. was not strong nor yet specially weak, but it lacked something—probably ability. Comparisons are odious, etc., etc. The Mexican Typical Orchestra closed the week, and the good audience opening night was materially increased Friday and Saturday. The Mexican Orchestra, however, though they are not the band that has been at the New Orleans Exposition, nor a part of it. Their performances are excellent, and were repeatedly encored. A repetition of names would be a Herculean task, and I will forbear. May 1, Haverly's 40th "em—40; ad, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52d, 53d, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62d, 63d, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72d, 73d, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82d, 83d, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92d, 93d, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102d, 103d, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122d, 123d, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132d, 133d, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142d, 143d, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152d, 153d, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOV'S LABOR' LOST.

The buds and the flowers of our best society are on view at the Saleswomen's Fair, which has been running at the Metropolitan Opera House since Monday week. The assembly-rooms are not large enough to fully show off the beauties of the ladies, or of the attractive—and purse-collapsing—knick-knacks which adorn their booths. On a recent visit I was pleased to see that the stage was not without its representation in this laudable undertaking. Mrs. A. M. Palmer, Mrs. William Henderson, Mrs. Max Strakosch, Mrs. Charles Wheatleigh and the Misses Booth and Henderson were among those I noticed either in charge of tables or attending to the wants of customers and share-buyers. Unless a man is quite willing to say farewell—a long farewell—to every dollar on his person, he should empty his pockets before visiting this seductive bazaar.

* * *

It is somewhat amusing that several of the dramatic critics on the daily newspapers, in speaking of "The Duchess," author of the novel from which Helene Dauvray's play of *Mona* was taken, should allude to the lady, whose real name is concealed beneath that *nom de plume*, as an English writer. I am told that among the sentimental shop-girls and sempresses who languish over the milk-and-water pages of this lady's works this impression exists, but it is somewhat singular that the sapient "crickets" should suppose that the utterly false and absurd pictures of English society life profusely supplied in the works of "The Duchess" could have emanated from a native of the little island over the sea. For their benefit I will explain that the author of "Mrs. Geffrey's" is in private life known as Mrs. Cornwall, and that she is an American and has resided for some time in this city. She is not dependent upon the income derived from her books for a livelihood, her husband being a business man of means. As one may well suppose, literature is with her a pastime rather than a serious pursuit.

* * *

Dr. Landis, who has remained in comparative obscurity so far as the stage is concerned since he challenged the late George Jones to a histrionic match some years ago, is again trying to bob up serenely, this time by proxy as it were. He has written a letter from Detroit to a well-known dramatic agency inquiring the prospects for engaging a responsible manager to take charge of "Miss Emma Landis' Musical and Comedy combination." The Doctor (who writes on letter paper bearing an advertisement of his "Strictly Private Book on Marriage") assures the agents that his daughter Emma "is a bright star, both as cultured light high soprano singer and comedienne, and she has for a couple of months been preparing comic music adapted to my Tragic Tableau Comedy, which is a practical and exceedingly funny satire upon the popular costumes of the age, and nothing like it has ever before been produced anywhere. The play takes only four ladies and three gentlemen comedians and one musical leader to portray thirty-seven characters; and it contains fourteen scenes, each scene closing with a most exciting and ridiculous tableau. About thirty supernumeraries are required. Miss Emma plays the star male role, Simon Pure, Esq., who claims to be the greatest man that ever lived, and he does everything in the very latest style." The Doctor continues that his music is "original and new" and "grand, sublime and comic."

* * *

A letter which is even funnier is sent to me by the managers of the Standard Theatre, Chicago. It is a unique production and I am going to print it in full:

WHITEWATER, April 10, 1885.

Standard Theatre, Chicago, Ill. GENTLEMEN:—I wish to inquire if you give lessons for the stage in this building?

I have seen the building several times, and I think I have seen advertisements where you advertised for actors to study for the stage, and a poet, and I have considered it a good idea of the time in the line of composing. Though I have no education, I have written two theatrical plays this winter, entitled

"The Deserter Lover" and "Winning the Heir."

I find no trouble arranging plays from stories with a little study. I think I could write some of the best plays that was ever played. And, gentlemen, I know the way I feel when I am writing them that I could act them good as any man in the world. I will say, there is no trouble in arranging plays, and whether one has the right to write them providing they are never printed? My play, "Winning the Heir," is good enough to go on any stage in America. Its length is 150 pages of this paper. I am a farmer and have always been, am married, and I am 30 years old. If you get this please answer, and oblige

C. SHERIFF,

Whitewater, Wis.

* * *

That wide-awake manager, R. W. Corbett, of Aurora, Ills., cannot endure play-piracy,

and so he does his share to expose marauders wherever they can be found. Mr. Corbett sends me a letter signed by "W. R. Jennison, 818 Clark Street, Chicago"—nearly all the play-thieves hail from Chicago, I may remark *en passant*—who wrote to him a few days ago wanting a booking for April 27. "My company," this person writes, "plays Corsican Brothers The Secretary and Monte Cristo." Here is some inaugural work for the protective league formed by play-owners at the Madison Square Theatre last Saturday.

* * *

There was a good deal of grumbling among professional people who wished to attend the Sunday night dress rehearsals at the Casino and the Star Theatre. In both places the entrances were guarded in the strictest manner, but a few friends of the management having admittance. A number of actors who were denied the privilege went about violently abusing the authorities who had put the rule in force. It was a good rule, nevertheless, and one which should be generally adopted. The people who are allowed to witness a last rehearsal are very prone to circulate injurious comments before the actual performance takes place.

* * *

The quarrel of Viola Allen with the Lyceum management has become a rather stale subject, but the young lady and her actions have been so misreported and misrepresented in print that an extract from an additional explanation she has written to me will not be out of place. After dwelling upon the fact that the MS. of her part had been obtained "under false pretences," Miss Allen goes on to say: "No salary for performances has been paid me, notwithstanding reports to the contrary. Regarding my fitness for the part, I need only say that Mr. Mackaye had four weeks' rehearsals from which to form an opinion, and upon all occasions he expressed himself as perfectly satisfied. I assure you my action was not due to wilfulness or caprice, but to my sense of right and justice, and professional pride. Concerning the statement that I caused the management to lose the \$500 that had been paid for dresses, it was provided in the contract that the management should furnish all costumes. I fail to see why they should become less useful by my ceasing to play on one night instead of another. In any case they could not be made available for my successor. These are the facts, other than you have already published, and a fair, impartial judgment is all I ask."

A New Harlem Theatre.

On Monday afternoon Harry Miner arranged to purchase several adjoining houses on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, on the site of which he intends erecting a popular-price theatre, which he will conduct as a combination house. He is sanguine that it will prove a suitable locality, and that the investment will well repay him.

As soon as possession of the premises can be obtained, which will be early next month, the buildings will be razed and the work of erection begun. Attractions have already been booked.

"When everything is fairly under way," said Mr. Miner, "I will start with some friends for a pleasure trip, going as far as the Yosemite Valley."

A City Theatre Changes Hands.

Bartley Campbell yesterday secured a lease of the Fourteenth Street Theatre from Samuel Colville for four years and three months on the following conditions: The payment of a bonus of \$17,000 and a rental of \$12,000 a year from June 1, 1885, for two years and three months, payable in advance, and a rental of \$13,000 a year for two years from Sept. 1, 1887, till the expiration of the lease. Mr. Campbell has already rented the theatre for a part of the Summer months. He will open it about Sept. 15, with his own play of *Paquita*, with a strong cast:

When seen yesterday by a MIRROR reporter Mr. Campbell was most enthusiastic over his latest venture.

"I think I have done very well in this," were his opening remarks. "The theatre is a splendid one, although blame always attaches to it when attractions with no drawing power select it. The Galley Slave ran there, you will remember, to \$800 a night, and then look at the enormous business done by *Fedora*. Of course, when old plays are revived, big houses oughtn't to be expected. That theatre has the finest facade of any in New York. In fact it is the only theatre, to my mind, in the city that really looks like a temple of the drama. I shall dress the stage, which is a most spacious one, as finely as any in the metropolis, and I shall select one of the strongest stock companies I am able to secure. In fact, I shall model one after the style of the Union Square company, and perhaps secure some of the members of that organization."

"Have you had the purchase in contemplation for any time?"

"Why, no. I talked over the matter with Mr. Colville on Tuesday night. Before that there had never been a word between us on the subject. At the conclusion of our talk Mr. Colville asked me to call at the theatre this (Wednesday) morning at nine o'clock. I did so, and here is our agreement all properly made out and signed. I am used to doing business in that way."

"Did you intend running nothing but your own plays at your new theatre?"

"No, not entirely. I shall open with *Paquita*, and produce a revival of *Siberia*; but I do not think I am quite fertile enough in plays to keep nothing but my own productions on the stage. After producing *Paquita* I shall probably send it on the road. I am very busy getting all my enterprises here in order, for tomorrow afternoon I leave on the *Bohemia* for Europe, where I go to secure the model for the great earthquake scene in *Clio*, which opens at Niblo's on the 17th of August."

Besides leasing a theatre, Mr. Campbell has recently invested \$50,000 in four brownstone and brick buildings on Eighty first street near Avenue A. This, with his property on Twenty-second and Forty-seventh streets, brings Mr. Campbell a monthly income of \$800."

A Capital Prize.

In about a month Dan Sully will produce a satirical comedy entitled *A Capital Prize*. It is from his own pen, and shows the follies of the day as they fly. A MIRROR man came upon Mr. Sully in the box-office of Tony Pastor's the other day, where the always busy comedian was at work upon a large mail.

"A Capital Prize, though very extravagant, has a plot," said Mr. Sully. "A German saloon-keeper draws the capital prize in a well-known lottery. He invests the money in a flat-house, and has no end of trouble with his tenants. The tenants of the floors furnish the fun, and bit off all the reigning crazes and take a flog at the gas monopoly. Worried to the verge of insanity, the German landlord trades his house for a farm. His thorough ignorance of farming furnishes more amusement. I am at work on the last act. I do not appear in the play myself; I simply attend to its production."

"Who have you engaged for the Prize?"

"Good specialty people principally. Harry Morris will play the landlord. I have also engaged Kate Defossez, late of McCaull's company; Ada Melrose, Lena Cole and Annie Boyd. The company is not yet complete, but will be in a few days."

The Fund and the Hospitals.

A rather significant fact has just transpired which clearly demonstrates the selfish and unjust spirit in which many know-nothings regard members of the theatrical profession. The Actors' Fund Trustees, in attending to the wants of their unfortunate brethren, deemed it wise to place them in the New York Hospital, paying for each patient the weekly sum of seven dollars. It was later discovered that these patients were placed in a charity ward, where there was less care and comfort.

It was further learned that convalescents were expected to wait upon other patients. They naturally recoiled from the servility of this work, and the New York Hospital has therefore fallen into disfavor with those who are aware of the manner in which theatrical patients have been treated.

A few days ago Robert Johnson, the veteran actor, in conversation with B. A. Baker, related some interesting matter concerning the profession which he had discovered in writing a book of his Recollections. Mr. Johnson stated that the first funds for the formation of this very hospital were raised by actors. Since this discovery all patients have been sent to St. Vincent's Hospital, where they are much better provided for, each being assigned a room.

Mrs. Sheridan's Affliction.

William E. Sheridan and his wife, Louise Davenport, arrived in the city on Friday evening last, after an extended tour on the Pacific Coast. In conversation with a MIRROR reporter, Mr. Sheridan said that his last season was a remarkably successful one, having played from Oregon to Lower California almost consecutively since last Spring. At Waterloo, Iowa, last week, he was compelled to close his season rather summarily, on account of the severe illness of Mrs. Sheridan, and return to New York. The lady is stone blind, and is now in the New York Hospital.

The case is a rare one, and the physicians of

the Pacific Coast attribute her blindness to a violent retching of the stomach sea-sick on her way from Portland to San Francisco.

Just before leaving the city Mrs. Sheridan began to experience a visual weakness, and before arriving on this side of the Rocky Mountains her sight left her. Mr. Sheridan is quite overcome by this sudden and unexpected disaster to his wife, and is making no plans for the future. The attending physicians think she will gradually recover the use of at least one of her eyes.

That Theatre License Bill.

When a MIRROR reporter called on ex-Judge A. J. Dittenhofer recently to interview him in relation to his efforts toward having passed through the Assembly and Senate at Albany the Theatrical License bill, he found that gentleman in the best of humor, resulting, doubtless, from some good news.

"It has passed the Senate by a majority of nine," he said, as he waved a telegram before the scribe, "and from that I consider we've won a great victory. Now the bill will have to go before the Governor, who has ten days in which to veto or sign it. Should he fail to do either within the prescribed time, the bill becomes a law. I have paid altogether about half a dozen visits to Albany, and the only argument I have used, beside my own remarks, were a number of editorials from the press of this city, almost all of which were in favor of the bill, and an argument signed by Lester Wallack, A. M. Palmer and John F. Poole. The points brought forward by this paper are as follows: First, that no attack was being made or intended against the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents. Second, that in many enlightened countries the theatre is supported by the State. Third, that the Mayor, and not the Society, issues the licenses. Fourth, that no other business was taxed in this way to support a reformatory in-

stitution. Fifth, that the comparison with the Tweed regime and the present time was not relevant, as the tax at that time was very small. Sixth, that the change would only put the Society on a par with other charitable institutions; and seventh, that the bill is constitutional as that relating to the Excise moneys.

"These points, you must understand, were in answer to those brought forward by the opposition, the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, through its counsel, Mr. E. Randolph Robinson. I appeared before the Assembly Committee on the 7th, 14th and 21st of this month, and I made argument before them. On last Tuesday the bill passed by a vote of 67—it taking 65 votes to pass the House; so you see we had two over. There was considerable opposition, the body in the House being headed by Assemblymen Van Allen, Walter Howe and James W. Husted, and in the Senate being led by Senators Gilbert and Otis. However, in spite of that, both bodies saw the justice of our claim.

"I went up last Thursday to present my argument before the Senate Committee. They reported favorably to the Senate that same evening; it was ordered to a third reading, and now, as you see, it has passed. In having gained this end I desire most earnestly that the fact be stated that the theatrical profession are very largely indebted to Assemblymen Henry A. Barnum and James Haggerty, and in the Senate to Senators McCarthy, Gibbs, Campbell, Murphy, and, in fact, all the New York members with the exception of Senator Robb, for they aided us in every conceivable way."

The Two Johns Close.

John Hart and J. C. Stewart closed their travelling season in Goldsboro, N. C., last Friday night, and the company arrived in town on the following evening. Manager Peter Rice, one of the four heavy-weights of the company, in an interview with a MIRROR reporter, said that the season had been excellent, but that it was deemed advisable to cancel the two last weeks of the season—April 27 and May 4—as the route lay through a thickly-studded dime district.

"These dime companies have a very chilling effect in certain sections of the country," said Mr. Rice. "We cancelled a number of dates in the North and went South to avoid them. But they are cropping up thickly in that region. We deemed it best to close while there was a good balance on the right side of the ledger. Some managers affect to sneer at the low-price craze, but the very best attractions feel the effect more or less. We did not close on account of bad business, but on account of prospective bad business. On May 11 the Johns will open at the London Theatre for a week."

Professional Doings.

Last week Harry Vaughn was presented with a bouncing boy by Mrs. Vaughn.

—Joseph and John Murphy have booked all their time for next season. R. E. Stevens attends to their business.

—W. H. Gifford has been complimented for the excellence of his stage-carpentry at the Chicago Opera Festival.

—Lithographers and printing houses are prepared for a big drop in business, the orders at present being very few.

—Numerous members of the profession endorse the claims of the Globe European Hotel, Chicago, as a well-kept hostelry.

—John Stetson intends making several changes in the staff of his theatres next season. So he informs his friends.

—Treasurer Smith, of the Casino, has sold out nearly the entire house for the present week, and next week's sale is already large.

—Evans and Hoey will introduce new specialties in A Parlor Match next season. They have several other pieces under consideration.

—Manager Russell, of We, Us & Co., is already boozing Mestayer's new opera. The Kettledrum, out West, previous to its production in San Francisco in June.

—Fred. Lennox is devoting his time to drawing and artistic work for illustrated papers. He says Ixion and The Bridge of Sighs have damped his dramatic ambition.

—Maude Granger will play in The Creole under Harry Vaughn's management. Mr. Vaughn has bought the play from Edward Clibrough. His company will open in Chicago on May 4 at the Academy of Music.

—Although the times are bad, managers of snap opera companies find it very difficult to effect engagements for the Summer, people thinking it easier to pay their board in New York than risk their baggage on the road.

—Next season the Barlow-Wilson troupe will have its title extended. It will be known as the Barlow, Wilson and Rankin Minstrels. The management say that future announcements will develop some surprises in minstrelsy.

—"The Humorous View of It" is the title of J. Arnoy Knox's lecture in aid of the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund on Monday night. Mr. Knox will be assisted by Prof. Williams in imitations of Booth, Barrett, Irving, Beecher, Talmage and other celebrities.

—Francesca Guthrie found difficulty not long since in obtaining a good engagement. Her success since she joined W. T. Carleton's company has been so great that she has several fine offers and will be heard in this city shortly.

—Alexander Spencer has been engaged to conduct comic opera at Silver Lake Grove, Pittsburgh, this Summer. Lucile Meredith, Fitt Raymond, Jennie Brett, Harry Siddons, Frank Riadale and Wallace Jackson are also engaged.

—While pleased with his reception as the Twins, John A. Mackay thinks the part a difficult one in which to please the public. He has not yet decided what to do next season, but desires to confine himself to legitimate comedy.

—Fred. Eustis has engaged Vernona Jarman, Ida Mule, Amelia Somerville, Mollie Fuller, John Gilbert, Edward Morris and Fred. Runnells for his burlesque company. He will produce *Penny Ante*, *Venus* and other pieces.

—Louis de Lange, Hattie Starr, W. H. West, Alexander Bell, George Roseman, Vincent Hogan, Walter Allen, Mary Beebe and Annie Myers have been engaged by S. W. Fort to support Jeannie Winston in comic opera during the Summer in Baltimore.

—P. Harris, the esteemed manager, comes to New York to look about the middle of June.

—J. H. Fitzpatrick, Charles C. Coleman, Walker Entinge, Mrs. Stoneall, Miss Floyd and others have been engaged by Mrs. Jennie Tennant for the week of May 21.

—On May 30 Frederick D. Munro and Margaret Tennant will have closed a forty-two weeks with the Kitty Ranch company. Mr. Munro has been playing and managing

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

PROVINCIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

WINDSOR.—An actress to Remington, Vt.—George Richards, of Remington's co., is to star with his sister, Myra Goodwin, next season, in a play by E. E. Kidder, called *Sister*.—Mabel Dow is at Greenwich with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fiske.—Maggie Mitchell and co. spent Saturday and Sunday in this city. She gave Troy the slip this evening.

UTICA.—Utica Opera House (Theodore L. Yates, manager): The Utica Opera, after a week of Opera to fair business, the co. is a fine one and deserving of success. Suydam H. D. on, 20th, May 1, 2.

City Opera House: Walleney-Sterling Dramatic co., one week.

HARLEM.—Mt. Morris Theatre (John W. Hamilton, manager): George Fawcett Rose appeared on Monday evening in his adaptation, or dramatization of *Charles Dickens*—David Copperfield. The co. have a good company, and the author of *Beauty and Brute* is of a good actor, but he is a bad actor. It was never intended that he should act. The author of *Beauty and Brute* is out of his element behind the footlights. And of his Little Em'ly, it depends too much upon inferences for the development and working out of its plot. A sentence here and there is supposed to do the work that ordinarily would require a lengthy scene to make clear. The Daniel of *Beauty and Brute* is a good actor, but he is a bad actor, with fire and devotional ardor. Will A. Paul's David Copperfield was a tame, stunted performance. W. J. Shan's enacted the obnoxious and "humble" Uriah Heep in a masterly manner. He made the role loathsome in its intensity. But, perhaps, the nastiest bit of work of the evening was done by Louise Rial, as Mrs. Durdie; the tigress. A commanding and portly figure, with a certain dash and distinction, aided her astute and brilliant abilities in scoring a pronounced success. The rest of the cast was fair.

STAMFORD.—With the Saturday night performance the Mt. Morris closes its season. The house has made money for its indefatigable manager. The theatre was run on the cheapest possible basis, and therein consists the secret of its success. Nothing, however, has been given up in comfort, and the absence of a manager is the chief adjunct of the average theatre—red tape. It is now authoritatively announced that Treasurer Fischer is to become a Benedict. He will not mention the name of the fortunate young lady, but perversely toys with a locket on his watch-chain, which, within its folds, hides the vignette of a most charming and prepossessing young woman. Business Manager Stanhope benefits by the two performances of *Beauty and Brute* and *Charles Dickens*, and is a good man, and conscientious and deserves a substantial testimonial—this McFarland left for Binghamton Saturday, to assume the position of catcher for the local base-ball club for the summer.—In the season just closed the best week's business was done by the Sanger Ranch of Keys party, with three of *W. H. and the Private Secretary*, with one of *Queen of Hearts*, and *Doctor Faustus*, with *His Girl McGraw*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and the other extreme.—The Olympia, the largest risk in Harlem, has gone the way of all corruption, and in its place another one is threatened, Saeks!

ROCHESTER.—Grand Opera House (P. H. Lehman, manager): The Boston Idols did a fine business 2nd and 3rd, but did not pack the house as formerly. The Dreams party appeared for J. J. Lehman's benefit, and a large audience was present. Rhine, 2nd and 3rd.

Academy of Music: (Jacob and Proctor, managers): Cleve Scott, manager, of a week co., drew fair houses here this week. Morris and Bell's Strategists.

Cadence: Large audiences favored Suydam's Humpty-Dumpty troupe. Present week, Derry, Manning and Newell's co.

ALBANY.

Leland Opera House: (Mrs. R. M. Leland, manager): A new dramatic inspiration first saw the light of public opinion on Monday evening of last week. It is the work of David Healey, of this city, and it enjoys the dignified title of *The Sons of Labor*. It is an attempt to show some of the relations of labor and capital from the standpoint of the former. The author has failed in his purpose, and the result is a lot of high-sounding, but thin capital and the claims and the claims of labor upheld. The production was entrusted to the tender mercies of amateurs, and a very adequate idea of its success may be gathered when truth compels the assertion that out of the entire cast only one of its number had the faintest idea of what was required of him. The audience, however, and the critics, who are the only ones that the production was not unmercifully grieved, T. P. W. Minstrels came for Tuesday and Wednesday, and played to large business, but the entertainment was not up to its usual standard. Thursday night saw the advent of *Rhine* in *Arcadia*. This was the occasion of Treasures Haskell's annual benefit, and as a result the house was entirely sold out. The performance was interrupted by a long sick spell.—George Little, formerly of Comstock's, is now advance agent of Jeanie Calef, and the Calef company is having with success on the 18th and 19th. He plays the part at his house here week of May 11.—Nearly every seat in the house has been sold for the *Orpheus* Club concerts at Comstock's, May 8 and 9.—Manager Okey will take charge of the Big Four co. soon and T. A. Kennedy will run the Festelle party.—Harry Evans goes with the Sells Brothers as press agent.—Will Black, our popular basso, has signed with McNish and Johnson's Minstrels for next season.—The Princess closed for the Summer, 1883.

URBANA.

Bennett's Opera House: (P. R. Bennett, Jr., proprietor): Bayless and Kennedy's Bright Lights, who had reduced their co. to play at cheap prices, closed their season here 2nd, 3rd and 4th and returned to Chicago. The Lights were freely enacted. Prof. Kennedy is a fine mezzosoprano. E. C. Collins and the star trio, A. E. Burton, J. D. Green and S. Vernon closed with them on the 18th and returned to Chicago. Bella Moore returned to the stage on May 10.

Sells Brothers' Circus: 25th, their first stand after opening at Columbus. Notwithstanding heavy rains the show drew big houses and gave great satisfaction. The colored band of Urbana is with this circus, their second season. The Sells have a good man in Harry Evans, present agent.

YOUNGSTOWN.

Opera House: (W. W. McKeown, manager): John T. Raymond appeared 18th, in *For Congress*, to a full house at a dollar a seat, which goes to show that nothing is to be gained by the *one* cent ticket. The play that the best in comedy, music or tragedy appreciated in our city; but I cannot see any good reason why the demand for the best should be made the occasion of extorting \$1.50 for the first three rows of spectators for Lotta, who appeared 28th. This looks a little like trying to get even with the theatre-going public for the slim receipts of other less attractive performances. The Equine, 25th, was a most attractive show here, but the seats all the way to the back were sold out. Prof. George Bartholomew, the proprietor, travels with his twenty admirably trained horses, some of which evince more general intelligence and ability to please an audience than some people we have seen. Twenty-seven years ago Bartholomew was showing a trick pony and one saddle-horse with a clown, under a small tent to the Mormons in Salt Lake City. The pony was a small pony, and the corn, wheat and sorghum was accepted gladly at the box-office. To-day his equine establishment cannot be bought for money, and he wears a huge diamond cluster in the shape of a horse in his scarf. He carries an excellent orchestra. Next week Lotta comes. She will play *Lotte* to good business as she is a favorite here, but the peculiar scale of prices, \$1.50 for the first three rows of spectators, will be a decided protest from the regular patrons of the theatre, who fail to see why, of all the theatres in the country, the circle at Youngstown Opera House alone is better than the parquette or orchestra claims.

In the Wings: The Tod Post, G. A. R. of Youngstown, is arranging for a benefit performance of three plays the last of May, with Etta Crossman, now playing in Twins at the Standard Theatre, N. Y., and D. H. Wilson, Cleve Scott's co., and O. T. Williams, alias of the Wiley co., are here forwarding the details of their attractions. There will probably be lively times here during the present week, caused by the rivalry of the two opera co's. The Wilbur co. will do *Girafe*, Little Duke, Estrella, Mascotte and Olivette, while the Wiley co. will confine itself to *The Mascotte*. The Museum will have six matinees and the Leland but three. Both houses run at ten, twenty and thirty cents.

ZANESVILLE.

Eliza Opera House: (George F. Lee, manager): The week opened with a regular boom, the occasion being the first anniversary of the grand opening. *Orpheus* opened with a decided record which occurred. Girard, the first opera presented, is really a pack of nothing. The dialogue is verbose, and the music anything but catchy. Fanchonette fared better and the funny jokes and pretty music seemed to please everyone. The farewell appearance of the Boston idols in Syracuse was a success in every sense of the word. A benefit concert to Mr. and Mrs. Pease followed on Wednesday evening, and the audience was good. The Peases were here, and Sollars sang to good audiences the last two nights of the week. Maggie Mitchell, May 1 and 2.

Grand Opera House: (P. H. Lehman, manager): A good business was done the entire week by the Festelle. In fact, the engagement was so successful that they remain this week—just a week longer than anticipated.

Museum: Daniel Bandmann's engagement was a success. Crowded houses on each occasion. Shakespeare for ten cents is a thing worth witnessing.

COHES.

Opera House: (Jacob and Proctor, managers): The Davis, Manning and Drew, Vaudeville co. gave seven performances week of 20th to fair business, Maggie Mitchell gave us *Fanchon* 28th, under Mr. Callan's management, to good business, on which occasion the first chairs was advanced to \$1. The Octoctor, 30th, May 1, 2.

Larkin Hall: (J. H. Larkin, manager): Oliver Lee, in *Rip Van Winkle*, came 24th, to fair business, under the auspices of a local lodge of Odd Fellows, who are about \$60 out of pocket.

Gossips: Our Mr. Callan and Mr. Manning, a nephew of Secretary Manning, take charge of the Harmony Hotel May 1.

KINGSTON.

Musick Hall: (Dobson and Nichols, managers): Oliver W. Wren, in *Rip Van Winkle*, 20th, to fair audience. Good performance. Maggie Mitchell, supported by an excellent band, 25th, to crowded house. Miss Mitchell made a decided hit in *Fanchon*, and was frequently applauded. Every one present was delighted with the entertainment.

AUBURN.

Academy of Music: (E. J. Matson, manager): Walleney-Sterling Danites, soth, 21st, 22d, did only a fair business. Sells and Gaylord began a week's engagement 23d. Drawing good audiences and giving a hearty satisfactory performance.

OLEAN.

Opera House: (Wagner and Rees, managers): Arne Krueger's Dreams played 24th to fair house and fair audience satisfaction.

CHARLES CITY.

Unione Comedy Co. appeared a fairly successful week's engagement, 25th, to fair audience. The 26th, and Rip Van Winkle. In the former Edward Chrissie and his nine different characters, and handles the parts very nicely, especially the tramp, which is undoubtedly the best portrayal of the "feed me" man that I have ever seen. The co. is hardly up to the average.

Memorial Hall: Soldier's Home (Lane Henderson, manager): The Helen Desmond co. presented *Esmeralda*, 25th. The date of the grand opening was not notice, and I am unable to attend, but as this was the first presentation of the Home of the Madison Square Property I can safely say there was a large audience.

Items: Doris' Circus opens the tented season here, 28th.—Manager Harry H. Reiss returned from Cincinnati, 25th, and informed me that he had completed arrangements with Henry G. Berger, representative for the Thomas Festival concerts, at the Grand, May 11. The entire organization will appear here, comprising an

two plays instead of half a dozen or more. The star, Arne Walker, is indeed a wonder, considering her age, which is only nineteen years.

Armenian Patriotic Drama and Co.'s Circus will open here May 20.—Frank Robbins' Circus is billing Eldred, Pa. The Circus is making a great effort to avoid Barnum, who seems to be running it down. Barnum's car is expected here every day.

ELMIRA.

Opera House: (W. E. Bardwell, manager): John T. Raymond, supported by an ordinary co., gave his comedy, *For Congress*, to nearly \$600 25th. Like all of Raymond's impersonations, it was a rich treat. T. P. W. Minstrels to standing-room only, as popular as ever. Prof. C. R. Draper's Double self-action, fire-proof U. T. C. at the Grand, May 1, 2 and matinee.

LOCKPORT.

Hodge Opera House: (J. H. Staats, manager): Flora Moore's Bunch of Keys co., 24th, on a guarantee of \$450, to the best business of the season. The dancing, singing, etc., of Miss Moore as Teddy was excellent. W. C. Crobie as Snags and J. B. Mackie as Grimes deserve special mention. This co. is making an improvement on the stale chestnuts we have had here; this week, for instance, we have had here, "The Daniel of *Beauty and Brute*," a pack of nothing, and portly figures, who closed this week with the B. W. co., joined T. P. W. at Washington, 25th.

CHARLOTTE.

Charlotte Opera House: (L. W. Saunders, manager): One of the largest and most solid audiences of the season greeted the Opera co. in *Faust*, 2nd. The co. is the best that has visited our city in some time. The House is undergoing extensive improvements.

OHIO.

COLUMBUS.—Comstock's Opera House (F. A. Comstock, manager): Kruger's co., in *Dreams*, 20th and 21st, gave an excellent show, but houses were light. Byron co., in *Across the Continent*, to very poor business, 25th. Columbus Maenach in *Martha*, 1st and 2nd, *Rhein*, in *The Power of Love*, 20th, 21st and 22d, to the best business of the season.

SPRINGFIELD.

Black's Opera House: (Samuel Waldman, manager): Helen Desmond Dramatic co. played 20th, 21st and 22d, as solid as business was quite poor could hold the fort no longer. Rest of engagement cancelled. Left for Dayton, 23d.

MANSFIELD.

Miller's Opera House: (L. G. Hunt, manager): The People's Novelty co., supporting Josie Mills, 23d, week, at ten and twenty cents. J. K. Emmet, May 13.

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Flora Moore's Bunch of Keys appeared 24th, on a guarantee of \$300, to the best business of the season. The dancing, singing, etc., of Miss Moore as Teddy was excellent. W. C. Crobie as Snags and J. B. Mackie as Grimes deserve special mention. This co. is making an improvement on the stale chestnuts we have had here; this week, for instance, we have had here, "The Daniel of *Beauty and Brute*," a pack of nothing, and portly figures, who closed this week with the B. W. co., joined T. P. W. at Washington, 25th.

MOUNT VERNON.

Woodward Opera House: (L. G. Hunt, manager): The People's Novelty co., supporting Josie Mills, 23d, week, at ten and twenty cents. J. K. Emmet, May 13.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Sunday-Closing Crusade.

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]

CINCINNATI, April 29.—It is highly probable that the performances, 26th, will be the final Sunday theatricals, as far as Cincinnati is concerned, under the present regime. The Law and Order Society, a powerful local organization, has been moving steadily in the matter for months, and the recently-appointed Police Commissioners have signified their intention to close all amusement resorts on Sunday in future. The majority of the local managers express themselves as entirely satisfied with such movement, which will, without doubt, be gladly approved by visiting troupes.

Fanny Louise Buckingham, at the close of her week, 26th, at the People's Theatre, was attached on a claim of \$200 to Haley and Manning, formerly members of her support, and now filling out a week at the Vine Street Opera House. The matter was in some manner compromised and the attachment dismissed.

E. M. Gotthold has been engaged by Manager Harris, and will assume the business management at Robinson's.

The opening attractions, 26th, were fairly patronized, McCaul's Comic Opera company, at Henck's, attracting the bulk of attendance.

The Reconstructed Cold Day.

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]

CLEVELAND, April 29.—Best Monday openings in several weeks, and attractions, without exception, good. The Ideals sang Giraldia to a full house at the Euclid. The new opera was well received.

A Cold Day, etc., crowded the Academy to the walls and made an immediate hit. It's the funniest thing out. The farce-comedy has been reconstructed. Good company.

McAndrews' Minstrels made things lively for a full house at the People's. A right jolly company.

Hub Openings.

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]

BOSTON, April 28.—The Mapleson Opera company began its supplementary season of five nights and a matinee last night with a presentation of Semiramide with Patti and Scalchi. La Diva was received with great enthusiasm, amounting to an ovation, and was in splendid voice. The great contralto also received a hearty welcome. The house was very large.

The Union Square company began its farewell engagement at the Bijou in One Touch of Nature and Three Wives to One Husband. The house was packed.

Estelle Clayton and her company gave Favette to fine acceptance and a large house at the Park.

Theo and Maurice Grau's company appeared at the Globe in La Jolie Parfumeuse to a full house, about two hundred Harvard students being in the audience to pursue their French studies.

The second week of Pique at the Boston Museum opened to a good house.

At the Howard James O'Neill and Monte Cristo had a large and enthusiastic house.

Victoria Loftus at the Boylston.

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]

General Grant's Birthday.

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]

LOUISVILLE, April 29.—A large meeting at the Masonic, to celebrate the birthday of General Grant, interferes with amusements materially.

George C. Milin, in The Fool's Revenge, had a poor house at Macauley's.

The Grand is crowded; Fanny Louise Buckingham in Macauley.

Tickets are selling rapidly for Friedlander's benefit, which occurs Friday, May 1.

Panic Prices in the Smoky City.

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]

PITTSBURG, April 29.—Harrigan's Minstrels opened a three nights and Wednesday matinee engagement at Library Hall, on Monday evening, to a very good audience. During the remainder of the week the house will be occupied by Professor Tetedoux's company, in the opera of Norma. Great preparations have been made for this production.

Katherine Rogers and her company opened at the Opera House to a good audience. As noted heretofore, prices have been reduced to ten, fifteen and twenty-five cents.

The Academy opened well with Taylor's European Show, as also did Aborn's Dramatic combination, with Lottie Church, at Harris' Museum.

Miscellaneous.

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]

NEWCASTLE, Pa., April 29.—Miac's Humpty Dumpty and Specialty company opened to a good house Monday night at regular prices.

SALEM, Mass., April 29.—Beane-Gilday company, in Collars and Cuffs, opened to a large house Monday night. They remain through the week at ten, fifteen and twenty-five cents.

OSWEGO, N. Y., April 29.—Flora Moore, with her Bunch of Keys, drew a large house Monday evening and gave excellent satisfaction. Maggie Mitchell has a large sale of seats for 30th.

CHICAGO, Mass., April 29.—Margaret Mason opened at the Academy of Music in Leah in a large audience, giving a fair performance.

BOSTON, Mass., April 29.—The Floy Crowell company opened to a full house at

Music Hall Monday night in Queen's Evidence. Prices ten, twenty and thirty cents.

MONTREAL, April 29.—Jacques Kruger opened Monday night at the Academy in Dreams to a good house. Lizzie Daly, a recent addition to the company, scored a hit as Kitty Binks. A good-sized audience welcomed the Lytell company on its reappearance at the Opera House. Bartley Campbell's Fairfax was the production, with W. O. Harkins and William H. Morris, the new members of the company, in the leading roles.

PROVIDENCE, April 29.—Siberia opened for the week Monday evening before a small audience.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., April 29.—Mattie Vickers presented Jacquine, Monday night, for the second time this season, supported by an excellent company. Miss Vickers is a prime favorite here, and has only to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Business fair.

DETROIT, April 29.—Castle and Sisson's Little Nuggets, at White's, opened to good business. This comedy has a weak plot, but contains some good specialties, among whom are the Cawthorns, Tillie Chambers and Frankie Jones. A good specialty troupe at the Detroit Museum brought fair houses, and will have fair patronage all the week. W. H. Power has engaged T. J. O'Malley and Mabel O'Malley to play in his Ivy Leaf next season.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 29.—At Dickson's Grand the Carleton Opera company opened a three nights' season in The Drum-Major's Daughter, to a fair house. First presentation of this opera in this city. Chorus strong. At English's Opera House, Henderson's Minstrels opened for a week to standing room only. Good show for ten cents. Haverly's Minstrels close regular season of Dickson's May 1. Sackett and Filkins did not close with Mexican Typical Orchestra for Summer season of ten weeks. Silber's Cupid company will reopen the new Zoo on May 4.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., April 29.—Monday night John T. Raymond appeared in For Congress to a fair-sized and highly edified audience. The entertainment proved one of the most enjoyable of the season. Mr. Raymond was called before the curtain several times.

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 29.—John T. Raymond, as Colonel Mulberry Sellers, was greeted by a fair house last night. The audience was warm and appreciative, and heartily applauded the humorous passages which abound in this comedy-drama. Raymond presented the unctuous characteristics of Mulberry Sellers with the same force and vigor that are inseparably connected with his rendition of the role.

CHICAGO, April 29.—Goodwin's new wrinkle, The Skating-Rink, packed Hooley's to the doors. It is a great go. Murray and Murphy, at the Grand, second week; business fell, but still good. T. W. Keene, in Richard III., at the Columbia; small houses. Grace Hawthorne, in Queen, at the Standard, and Newton Beers, in Only a Woman's Heart, at the Academy, to light business. Minor theatres doing a good business.

BOSTON, April 28.—Favette is an emphatic success here. Miss Clayton and her company were splendidly received. Press unanimous in praise. Your criticism on Favette is fully endorsed.

C. W. DURANT.

CHICAGO, April 28.—In consequence of reduction in prices at the Pittsburg Opera House I have cancelled Grace Hawthorne's date of May 4 there. W. W. KELLY.

ALBANY, April 29.—The Leland Opera House overflowed at the opening of the Wiley Opera company in The Mascotte on Monday night. The crowd could not be accommodated, and many were reluctantly compelled to forego the first night. WILLIAM AUSTIN.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Mr. A. M. PALMER, Sole Manager.

EVENING AT 1:30. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.

A NEW COMEDY-DRAMA.

IN FOUR ACTS.

BY MRS. J. C. VER PLANCK.

ENTITLED

SEALED INSTRUCTIONS.

WALLACK'S THEATRE. Broadway and 30th St.

Sole Proprietor and Manager, LESTER WALLACK.

OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS Will be produced on Thursday, April 30, with the principal members of the company, including the re-appearance of John Gilbert.

MONDAY, MAY 4.

Opening of the regular operatic season by the McCALL OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY. John A. McCull.....Proprietor and Manager

THE BLACK HUSSAR.

by Carl Millock.

EVERY EVENING AT 8:30. SAT. MATINEE AT 2.

G RAND OPERA HOUSE.

Leasee and Manager MR. HENRY E. ABBEY

RESERVED SEATS, 50c.

GALLERY, 25c.

This week only,

EVANS AND HOEY METEORS

in the funniest of funny plays,

A PARLOR MATCH.

Every Evening and Wednesday and Saturday Matinee.

Next week—Bartley Campbell's SIBERIA.

DALY'S THEATRE.

Broadway and 20th street. SUPPLEMENTARY SEASON.

EVERY NIGHT AT 8:15.

CLARA MORRIS

Will appear in an entirely New play of HUMAN PASSION, adapted for her by Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY from Dumas' reigning passion success, DENISE, in which she will be supported by Mr. Joseph H. H. Miles, Mr. Frank Lester, Mr. A. S. Lipman, Mr. H. A. Weaver, Mr. George Parcer, Miss Effe German, Miss Helen (Bijou) Heron, Mrs. Whiffen, Miss Blanchard, and Miss Perring.

Entirely new scenery by ROBERTS.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, Broadway near 30th st. Messrs. Miles & Barton, Lessees and Managers.

Evening at 8. — Matines Saturday at 2.

Continued success of RICE'S BIG BURLESQUE COMPANY and Mr.

HENRY E. DIXEV.

Supported by a cluster of artists, in a grand production of the new and original Spectacular Burlesque by William Gill, entitled

ADONIS.

Grand Chorus and Orchestra.

Prices, \$1.50, \$1. and 50 cents.

THE CASINO.

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</div

STAGE STORIES.

III.
STAGE-DOOR LETTERS, AND WHAT
CAME OF THEM.
[Conclusion.]

The letter sealed, I placed it in the hands of Mr. Boggs, along with a fee, an injunction to secrecy of the strictest kind and explicit instructions to be sure and deliver it into the hands of the lady who had brought my notes on previous occasions, when she should next appear on a similar errand. This done I had naught to do except wait with increasing anxiety for the little postal service to be put to a practical test. I continued to avoid the crowd of fellows with whom I had formerly been glad to dissipate my nights, and to apply myself to the serious work of my profession. I had not long to wait, but the week which elapsed before another letter arrived from Gloria Mendez passed on leaden wings. Try as I would I could not entirely succeed in driving away thoughts regarding my unknown correspondent. She haunted me like a beautiful phantom, and in striving to materialize her my mind went adrift in a sea of fruitless, unsatisfying speculation.

One night Mr. Boggs drew me aside as I was leaving the theatre for my lodgings and whispered with an air of enormous mystery: "She's been an' gone with it." Then he handed me an envelope whose fat appearance indicated that I had not been forgotten or briefly dismissed from mind. My heart leaped with joy and the blood coursed quicker through my veins, causing a tingling that extended to my very finger-tips. I had heard and known of cases of love at first sight. Was I experiencing love born merely through an exchange of thought with a being I had never seen? I did not know—I could not tell. I was only aware that the receipt of that letter and the perusal of its sweet and kindly contents set my heart in a flutter and my head on fire.

Oh, to be able to stretch out my hand and feel the clasp of another which I had learned to love already; to look down into the eyes and see through them the soul of this unknown who had already drawn me as if by a charm and linked my fate indissolubly with hers!

It was not many nights before I received a reply to the missive that had been taken away. The tone of it was somewhat colder than the preceding letters, but I attributed this to the natural modesty of a young girl who at the slightest advance puts on an armor of reserve. Notwithstanding the absence of cordiality it was plain that my correspondent was not affronted at my boldness. She did not forbid me to write to her again, and from this I extracted comfort, if not encouragement. She laid stress upon her former injunction that I should make no effort to see her, and added that there were good reasons why a personal friendship was inadvisable if not entirely impracticable.

All this mystery but served to whet the growing desire I felt burning in my breast to know this fair woman, whose thoughts I could profit by and enjoy, but whose companionship I must not seek. Deeper and deeper penetrated this longing, until finally I felt that I could withstand it no longer. Even if the violation of Gloria's express commands should bring to an end the exchange of thoughts and ideas that had already proved very sweet to me, I would suffer the punishment and drift back into the old ways and among the old temptations if need be. But see her I must.

Several days more elapsed before my opportunity arrived. I was out of the bill for a week, and this period of leisure gave me time to carry the scheme I had conceived into execution. Having prepared a letter, I left it in the hands of old Boggs. From that moment I haunted the stage-door day and night like a spectre. The company and the stage hands must have marvelled at the suddenness and the intimacy of the friendship that had sprung up between the crabbed back-door keeper and myself. Of course I had to let Boggs partially into the secret—at least far enough to enlist his assistance. Whether it was the respect he had for the trust reposed in him or regard for the liberal gratuities received at my hands that caused him to help my plan, I cannot say, but he was most circumspect, and I shall always hold the memory of that now departed old custodian of the back entrance to our dramatic temple brightly green.

Several days and several evenings had elapsed without developments, and I had begun to fear that my little project would have to be indefinitely postponed, when on the final night I had set aside for the watch there was a timid rap at the creaking stage-door; old Boggs' face lighted up; he gave me knowing wink, took my letter from its repository among the pigeon holes and slipped it out through the door which opened just far enough to admit a small gloved hand. It was about nine o'clock. The streets were filled with poor people doing their late shopping or marketing. I stole quietly out and found no little difficulty keeping in view a little figure dressed in shabby black, with face tightly veiled, who darted in and out among the shifting crowds, making her way down-town. I could determine little or nothing from the appearance of the girl I was "shadowing," except that her raiment denoted comparative poverty. I felt almost ashamed to be playing the spy upon her, and two or three times I was on the point of giving up the chase, but interest and curiosity triumphed and I went on. She soon left the thorough-

fare we had traversed and took an unoccupied street, down which she hastened, almost running. I fell behind her for fear of being discovered, but kept the little figure always in sight. On we went, preserving the relative distance until we arrived at that quarter of the city where the French and Spanish inhabitants live together, retaining so far as possible the customs and habits of their native lands. Suddenly my little woman turned sharply to the left, crossed the street and entered an old-fashioned building whose dilapidation scarcely indicated the grandeur it no doubt possessed in the days when it was used as a fashionable dwelling. How completely it had fallen from its past estate I judged from a little sign painted on a pane of one of the windows, which gave notice to the wayfarer that within might be found lodging and such entertainment as the second-class foreign cafés in the Metropolis generally provide.

I hesitated a moment, debating whether I should give up the investigation or push it to the end. Believing that my identity was safe, for the reason that Gloria the mysterious had never seen me except on the stage, and in the disguise of the various characters I had assumed, and knowing that my appearance in everyday life was decidedly different, I concluded to follow the latter alternative.

The windows of the café were shrouded in comparative gloom, thick curtains concealing the interior. Pushing open the door I entered the hallway and passed through another door into a long room from which there proceeded a strong odor of brandy and cigarette smoke. At one end there was a small counter, behind which sat a keen-eyed, swart foreigner, who, presumably, was proprietor. In fact, everybody in the room was foreign-looking. Some Frenchmen sat at one table drinking absinthe and playing cards. Another group occupied another table and played dominoes. Apart from these there sat a crowd of men, old and young, at a long table, conversing in low tones and all rolling or puffing Havana cigarettes. They were Cubans, I judged from their dress and manner, and they ceased speaking and eyed me with curious and suspicious glances as I took a seat not far from them, called for a *flagon* of red wine and lighted a cigar. From the continuance of their inspection, and from the silence that reigned among them, I concluded that my presence was not welcome; but I didn't care for that, for my thoughts were centred on more personal matters.

The little woman, who had evidently gone into another room to lay off her outer garments, entered. My letter was in her hand, and now for the first time I had a good look at her face. To say that it was a disappointment would be a mild expression. There was no evidence of that mentality I had pictured in the homely and decidedly coarse visage I saw.

And not only were her features coarse, but so also were her manners. With the familiarity of a *grisette* she addressed the men at the long table, and she actually had the audacity to wink at the old chap who presided behind the counter. An almost irresistible desire to snatch away my letter and reveal myself in conventional dramatic style came over me, but fortunately, as events transpired, I overcame it, and did no such thing. Draining my wine-glass, I was about to pay the score and leave, disgusted with the shattering of the idol I had erected, when the door opened and a tall, dark, handsome girl entered, addressed a few words in Spanish to the other woman, and the two retired to a corner, where they talked together earnestly for a few moments. I became interested again, and determined to wait further developments. Then I saw my letter broken open by the regally beautiful newcomer, and my heart bounded with new hope and joy. This was Gloria! Then who was the other? I grasped the situation in a moment—how could I have been so stupidly misled. The little creature was, of course, the messenger of my divinity—the daughter of the café proprietor, no doubt. I watched with eagerness the face of the girl as she read and re-read the lines I had penned, and I fancied that I saw a glow overspread it. Later a tall man came into the room—a man whose erect carriage and keen eye betokened a military character. I supposed this was Gloria's father, for hastily concealing my letter in her pocket, she rose to meet him, and he placed a kiss upon her forehead. The crowd of Cubans clustered about him, and I heard one address him as "General." It was evident that he was in authority among them, for they dwelt respectfully upon his words and treated him with marked deference and consideration. I could do no more. To linger longer in the café would doubtless attract more attention than I desired, and so, with one long gaze at the woman with whom I was already over ears in love, I left the place.

* * * * *

In my next letter to Gloria Mendez I confessed how I had ferreted out her whereabouts and feasted my eyes upon her without her knowledge. I implored her to grant me an interview, assuring her that if I knew a mutual friend who could vouch for and introduce me I should gladly make use of that avenue for forming a personal acquaintance. But as she had disregarded convention at the start in communicating with me, I thought she was liberal-minded enough to permit this transgression of custom and to know from the sincerity of my reformation that she could safely come face to face with one who had

conceived for her a superlative respect and admiration. To this no answer came for several days. At last I heard from her. It was a strange letter, in which frankness frequently broke wildly through reserve. She said that she was in great distress and trouble, that she had no friend to whom she could apply for advice, that she believed in the sincerity of my kindly protestations, and she therefore wished me to call at the café where I had seen her at noon on the following day. I could scarcely endure the hours that passed between the time of our appointments, and, of course, I was there some minutes before it. The little woman who acted as messenger I noticed was in charge of the place, the old proprietor not being visible. I also observed tacked on the doorway notice of a Sheriff's sale. There were no visitors beside myself.

must be now or never. I mustered up what courage was at my command and spoke.

"You have never forgiven me, Gloria," said I, "for having played the spy and violated your express command."

"And you have never pardoned my temerity in sending you that first letter." Then we both looked into each other's eyes and smiled because we knew that we were lying. That smile broke the ice. I grew as bold as a lion.

"You're quite right in saying you cannot longer accept the hospitality of these kind people, and you must have an occupation." Gloria looked down very meekly and asked in a hesitating sort of a way what occupation I should advise her to adopt.

"Loving me," I answered impetuously, my arm stealing about her waist.

"But that will not be a new occupation," she answered, gently, and then—well, her head dropped on my shoulder, and I knew that Gloria was indeed mine.

There was no "Little Church Around the Corner" at the time of which I write, or at least if it existed it had not become the scene for all the sacred solemnities in which actors figure, but we were quietly united in the golden bonds of wedlock there in Mr. Boggs' parlor where I had won my bride, and you may be sure that that worthy and his warm-hearted spouse presided like a couple of good fairies over the details attending the ceremony.

Marriages in the profession aren't always happy, I am fully aware, but no cloud has marred the life of Gloria and myself since we were made one. Our children—and who knows the state of domestic existence better?—persist in informing our little circle of friends that "Papa and mamma's courtship has never ended."

In our case there is no reason to regret the exchange of stage-door letters, for perfect happiness came of them.

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